

push from the wounds, the assassin was briskly and cheerfully writing autographs. When Judge Porter compared him to a rathebeak that bruised Garfield dead, Guitman turned about with a look of contempt and said, "Look at his face, and remember him in that position for some time."

At the afternoon session, Judge Porter took up more in detail than before the evidence bearing upon insanity. In the course of this he dwelt upon Mrs. Seville's testimony, which led him to venture to make the instructive comment that "it was very foolish of Mr. Scoville to say anything" about that case story, "but it showed just how much sense the whole family had."

It is thought that Judge Porter may conclude at a sufficiently early hour to-morrow to permit the Judge to charge the jury and give the case to them.

#### THE FULL REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—There was again immense pressure to gain admission to the court-room this morning. The outer doors were besieged before 9 o'clock, and the interior halls of the building were packed with persons who had advanced that far and who were gradually admitted into the court-room prepared. Finally at 10 o'clock Judge Cox took his seat on the bench, and the Court was formally opened. As Mr. Porter rose to resume his argument, the prisoner shouted from the dock: "Some grand signed my name to a letter in one of the papers this morning. I repudiate that kind of business. I also understand that two cranks were arrested this morning, and that two of them have been lying around since Saturday. I cry out that I am in charge of officers of the Court, and if anybody attempts any violence against me, he will be shot dead. Let the people understand that."

Mr. Porter then said, in much stronger tones of voice than he had been able to use yesterday: "As usual the court has been opened by the prisoner. But, by his permission, I am now at liberty to add a few words. I am grateful to you for the indulgence which has enabled me to proceed this morning. You have been kept here on this trial longer than the fast of the Saviour in the wilderness, in an air black and purd with vice, calumny and blasphemy; and you will, therefore, extend some indulgence to those who speak in behalf of the Government and the law. I endeavor to show you yesterday that this defense was one founded on shams and impossibilities; on baseless falsehood which was suppressed to secure force and strength by perpetual retractions. The disciples of the school of Guitman have great confidence in a maxim of Aaron Burr that falsehoods are to be verified by persistency and reiteration. I showed you how the prisoner had lied, by his acts, his professions; how he had lied to his god, to his character given him by his command; how this gentleman, this pravitarian, this moral and Christian man, was a swindler and a murderer in heart from the beginning. That this man has grown worse every year that he has lived, we all see and know. That he was a dissident child, that he was lawless and ingrateful to his father; that he was an unkind brother; that he stung every man who was a benefactor to his youth; that he had indiscriminate desire for unhappy nuptials; that his vanity was boundless, and that his malice was still more unbounded, we all know. All this he was in his early life, and I shall now call your attention to some of the evidences that he was growing worse and worse until his career culminated in cold-blooded assassination. His life was consistent and harmonious in the beginning. There is a self-propagating propensity in sin and vice and crime, until the man becomes not by disease, but by culture, what Dr. Spitzka calls a moral monstrosity."

The prisoner—That is both, and you know it, Porter. Mr. Porter was proceeding with his argument, when he was again interrupted by the prisoner, who called out: "You do not represent the Government, sir. Attorney-General Brewster would not recognize you on the street. He has not called upon you, and he does not want to have anything to do with you."

Mr. Porter—I presume he does not; for, as I know, he never saw me."

The prisoner—He is a high-toned gentleman, and you are a wine-drinker. I have got your record, Mr. Porter.

Mr. Porter—This Christian gentleman, this moral eccentric, this praying gentleman, who prays every morning before he eats out hot bread, makes the suggestion that I am a wine-drinker. Perhaps I am.

The prisoner—Yes, I guess you are.

Mr. Porter—That reminds me of a ditch which I heard in a temperance meeting many years ago on a church dinner who used one of the values of the church for storing its wine.

"There's a spirit above—" the Spirit Divine;

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It is for you, gentlemen, to judge whether it was the Spirit of love or the spirit of woe that led to the murder of your President and mate.

Mr. Porter went on to justify the presentation from the allegation that they had suppressed evidence which might have been favorable to the prisoner, and claimed that there shall be a warning at one end, but no venom at the other. That was a cathartic without the ratiocine, but not without the fangs; and when he tells you that he made General Arthur President of the United States, he made his victim, which made Garfield his enemy. In this he was consistent under the circumstances and the law. Michael Kilkenny was just as much a natural parent, but from another source.

Mr. Porter—More than that, we have the President of the United States.

The prisoner—So far as the inspiration of Guitman, the ancestor of the murderer, is concerned, Mr. Porter.

Mr. Porter—The ancestor of Garfield and Hayes and Lincoln and Grant and Sherman and Adams and Andrew Jackson elevated to such position, not by an assassin, but by the voice of his constituents. And when the creature says, "I made Arthur President," he forgets that General Arthur was the voice which made Garfield his enemy. In this he was consistent under the circumstances and the law. Michael Kilkenny was just as much a natural parent, but from another source.

Mr. Porter—Then we go to discuss the question of the natural parent, but from another source.

Mr. Porter—That was the second, born from the ground. Though the corpse was mute, the blood spoke, and the murderer was condemned to live—then perished, then warred, then died, and left no mark on the earth. Michael Kilkenny exists in all ages. Four thousand years ago there was inscribed on tablets of stone the command to all people: "Thou shalt not kill." But content says that life is of small value. Hence the murderer, who at this moment—excuse me, he would be too poor and too hasty to apologize in advance—was probably established, that he never was innocent; and certainly not on the 2d of July. On that point the principal claim by Mr. Brooks myself has resounded. His father did not assassinate Garfield. Grant, if you please, that his uncle Abraham was insane. His uncle Abraham is not on trial. He did not murder President Garfield. Grant the same of each and all of these relatives. None of them murdered the President. What men are, relatively, are murderers of their own liberty. This is a fact, produced by the murderer of a man, the most abominable individual in the country—the illustration of psychology for the insane—must be abandoned, and no one can be induced to commit a capital offense, and no one can be induced to commit a homicide, who is not driven to do it by reason of insanity, can save the lives of innocents or keep them safe. And hence it is, as I am glad to find, that in this case, as in all previous cases of insanity or of innate depravity, the murderer is the murderer of himself. I believe that if you could be impeached in any manner in this country, they would say of this man not only that they would be embarrassed by his presence, but that he would be a pest to society, and that he must be removed. It is unbecoming by the high Federal Marshal who presides over the tribunal, and the law as it stands, that he has killed him.

Mr. Porter—Without my knowledge, he has been pressed into the service of the Confederacy.

Mr. Porter—He is a high-toned gentleman, and you are a wine-drinker. I have got your record, Mr. Porter.

Mr. Porter—This Christian gentleman, this moral eccentric, this praying gentleman, who prays every morning before he eats out hot bread, makes the suggestion that I am a wine-drinker. Perhaps I am.

The prisoner—Yes, I guess you are.

Mr. Porter—That reminds me of a ditch which I heard in a temperance meeting many years ago on a church dinner who used one of the values of the church for storing its wine.

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